Thv ministers of worship, are my slaves !
It mav be 1 will sell them o'er the waves,
Hither and thither ; else they shall be set
To labour at my distaffs, and forget
Their timbrel and their songs of dawning day I

DIONYSUS,

I go : for that which may not be, 1 may
Not suffer ! Yet for this thy sin, lo, lie
Whom thou deniest cometh after thee
For recompense. Yea, in thy wrong to us,
Thou hast cast Him into thy prison-house !
[DiONYsus, *without his wand^ his hair shorn, and his arms tightly bound) led off by tin guardi to hh dungeon.* PENTHEUS *returns into the*

CHORUS.

*Some Maidens**

Achelolis* roaming daughter,
Holv DircC, virgin water,
Bathed he not of old in thcc,
The Babe of God, the Mvsterv ?
When from out the fire immortal
To himself his God did take him*
To his own flesh, and bespa'.e him ;
^ Enter now life's second portal,
Motherless Mystery ; lo, I break
Mine own bodv for thv sake,
Thou of the Twofold Door, and seal thee
Mine. O Bromios,"~thus he spake™
"And to this thy land reveal there."